10/15/67

Dear Sylvia,

I had written Shirely and she replied with a card merely telling me of Vickie's death and that it was a terrible accident.

We are temporarily without electricity while some work is being done, so my normally bad typing will be worse. Hope you can make it out.

It now looks as though I will be in New York soon-within the next two weeks. Parallax tells me the book is being bound. About 11/1 I expect to be leaving on the trip, not yet fully planned. I expect it to last about two weeks but really do not know. When I am in New York, depending on how long I am there, let us talk about what can be done with the documents I have and what can be done to get those of which I know and will not be able to dig out myself. There is no immediacy on this, for I plan the revised concept of the Manchester book, where many will be appropriate, after I publish POST PORTEM. That, in turn, confronts me with financial problems. It may not come out immediately. We are in great chaos having moved in haste and being far from moved in, with a tremenduous accumulation in the cellar in boxes and a considerable amount of work, previously undetected, to be done on the house, and trouble with some of the craftsmen. Some bad work, some non performance, etc. But the house and the environs are wonderful. Even if I'm only five minutes from St. Patrick.

You need not have explained about your tax situation (for you once did), but I thanks you for the declaration of solidarity. Frankly, I feel that nothing will be done to use, for there will be too many. However, if there is an action, I simply must have completed TIGER TO RIDE by then, for I have much in it that would be very appropriate. It is resaerched, but the research must be updated. That will be the 7th.

Right now, you and Maggie are the only ones to whom I would give this material. It is not because we agree on everything (we do, on almost everything), but because I have no doubt about the integrity of either of you. I do not, for example, doubt your sincerity and conviction on Garrison. I merely think you are wrong and I fear I now detect emotional involvement that is altering the things you say, things I am confident you cannot justify. For examply, in the conclusion of your Playboy letter, you describe the New Orleans investigation as "an archpfantasy or probable irrelevant events in New Orleans."

There is much in your letter to Srnoni of 1010 that I think you will in the future believe with me is really little and quibbling. There is no comparison between the destruction of an original and a "copy". I have found some of the copies not identical. I have found some altered. I have other non-existent. For example, a statement Ferrie gave the FBI. No original. Baker, for example. Arnold for another kind of case. There are other similar things. To me, they are not at all like your thinking and writing as I know it and they trouble me because they are not.

Arnoni sent me a marked copy of the issue, presumeably for comment, and I took the time. If he gave you a copy, you know that I did not tell you Gurvich was chief investigator. He was conspicuous by his absence when I was there. I knew Ivon was chief investigator 1/1/67, and everyone I met so told me. No one ever told me Gurvich was. The papers called him a volunteer. I now think he was a plant. If he was not he was reached, for he has said things he could not know about and I cannot imagine Bobby Kennedy, without outside influence, taking the time to consort with a man of this

background, especially on a subject on which he has declined to speak to almost anyone. The fact is that I was picking up leaks from inside Garrison's office in February and was in touch with Lynn Loisel about them. He confirmed their existence. Schiller, for example, was getting this kind of information.

I wish I thought this cause of dvision between us would pass over soon. I think it will not for the case will not be tried soon.

The first copy ofx my New Orleans book arrived this morning, having taken only 10 days from New York. I've not really examined it, but a glance at the prologue indicates that it was cut heavily. I what I regard as important was removed from it or xoehar parts of the book the responsibility is mine, for I gave them the right to do what they considered necessary if they did not alter fact or doctrine. I'll try and read Garrison's introduction tonight.

I look out the window and find the beautiful fall landscape conducive to writing, imparting a kind of tranquility that has been lacking, yet I cannot tell you the number of interruptions since I began this. I hope it is comprehensible.

I have heard nothing more about Bobbs. Merrill and their plans for your book, but once again I encourage you to keep an eye open and, when you can without antagonizing them, trying xxxx to encourage them to promote. You cannot imagine the extent of the present effort to suppress. Yet I feel that we will soon make a breakthrough on this. Perhaps it may seem strange to you, but one of the things I fear is Shaw's murder. Not Russo's; Shaws. Another for whom I sometimes fear is Sylvia Odio. I have a little new on her. She was to have been one of the first deposed and wasn't.

Best regards, and the best of luck with your book if it appears before we are again in touch.

Sincerely,